## STAND FAST, CRAIG-ROYSTON

### BY WILLIAM BLAUK.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GRAWING POL But he was not disheartened by those eminons words of hers, not even on the fellow-ing morning, when he found the little theroughfare so strangely silent and empty, and the two windows over the way become vacant and devoid of charm. He had the high courage and impetuous will of youth; seeing no diffiguitles or dangers ahead, he refused to believe in any; Malarie had not denied him her love, therefore she must be his wile; and all the future shone fair. And so he set to work on his Mendover lecture; and made good progress, even if his thoughts went sometimes flying away down to Brighton. As for the lecture itself-well, perhaps certain of its contentions and illustrations would have surprised and even shocked that Communist capitalist, his father: but the young man was accustomed to think for h musif.

Yes, this little street was terribly empty, and those windows in lescribably blank. And the goom was lonely, work or no work. But as he was standing looking out, eigarette in hand, after his frugal luncheon, a happy inspiration sprung into his head; for here was Hobson, the usban i of the landlady across the way, coming along the pavement, and would it not be a comforting thing to have him in to talk about the two lodgers who had just left? Vincent spened the window a bit, and said into the street (there was no need to call):

"Hola n!" The man looked up.

Yes, sir!" "I want you for a moment."

Then Vincent went himself downstairs and opened the door; and here was the shabbygenteel ex-butier, obsequiously waiting, with n excess of imbecile amiability, in his weak, prominent, nervous eves.

'Come in and have a smoke. Hobson." the young man said. "You must be lonely over re now. Make's a differen e. doesn't it?" Wonderful, sir, wonderful;" and the docile Hobson obediently followed up the stairs, and accepted a big eight, and was prevalled on to draw in a chair to the fire. Vincent took a seat opposite him, and lit another cigarette-quite friendly like, as one might say.

"You've seen a good deal of Mr. Bethune

since he came to live in your house?" the young man began, in a sort of tentative and encouraging way. And Hobson responded with instant enthusiasm:

Alt. yes, in feed, sir, and proud of the same, A great man, s.r-oh, a very great man-and how he came to be where he is, sir, well, that beats me, air. And that haffable sir!-if he are somethink on the table, he'll say, 'Hobson, bring two tumbler - yes, sir- Hobson, bring two tumblers'-and I must take a seat, just as kind and condescending as you are, sir. Fill your glass. Hobson,' he says, just that haffable like-"

Oh, I beg your pardon," said Vincent, looking guilty toward his vacant sideboard. fact is, I haven't anything of the kind in those rooms; but I can send out. Which would you like, gin or whiskey?"

Whichever you pleaso," said Hobson, complacently, "being so kind as to think of it, sir."

The necessary fluid was soon procured, and Hobson was liberally helped. And when at length he began to expatiate on the character and the wonderful attainments and abilities of Maisrie's grandfather, there may have been a little exaggeration (for gin tends toward exaggeration) in his speech; but his sim and admiration were genuine enough at the core. He grovelled in the dust before that impressive old man. He spoke is almost a breathless way of paffability. Why, that a great personage to Parature chould condescend to read his. Hobson's poor little verses was extraordinary; but that he should give advice, too, and encouragement, that was overwhelming. And as for the young lady-but here Hobson's

language failed him. With tears in his eyes, he declared that she was a hangel of sweetness-which did not convey much to Vincent's eager listening ears. But when he went on to tell about all sorts of little acts of kindness and consideration-when he spoke of her patience with the old gentleman's temper of her cheerfulness over small disappointments happening to herself, of her gentleness and sunn bess and invariable good humor-here he was on more intelligible ground; and his delighted and grateful audience was not slow to press on him another ence, which was not refused. Do you know how long they are to be away?"

the dors of this chamber—that seemed o say ested—that seemed to shut him out. He could be the drearing table, the cheet of drawers, it cook hers, holoson "said he, "if I were to it some things to make the room altitle more seefful, I suppose that could be done without thing his bettime know who sent them? The lo king mass there—you know that inot person in the dreasing table. With the room is the many thing was the search of the was a wint to his belowed, and the right young it as the post of the meaning to go out in the residual to be pleading to not in the residual to be pleading to make the room of the dreasing to go out in the residual to be pleading to make the room of the many thing to make a side of the mirror, for example. And that you had not have defined a side of the mirror, for example. And that yes comed to be a piece of pale silk to ist with and over the first the wints and coil and cheerless like that; it with a wints and coil and cheerless like that; it with a side of the ough."

What do you sail that thing?—the coveriet the consequence is a post of pale silk to ist with and over a room a side of the side of the

mont; it ought to be a piece of pale ellk to let the light through."

He vectured a few in the sturther, and again looke faround.

What do you call that thing?—the coverlet—the counterpare—intit? Well it should be be withe and told and cheerless like that; is should be presty things at the head of the bed—loops and bows of ribbon—my goodness, what is Mrs. Hobson about—a young ladys room should the like a cell in a preson.

Law sit, In very sorry. Horson eaid in a bowlidered way. A cline in eath coveriet sounded a grand thing but it was meant a heap of probes. Wil come away out and Plitals to you."

haps he resented the intrusion of the amiable but gin-edecrous Hotses. At all events, he did not resume the conversation until they were both down stairs again in the parior.

You understand, then, he said, and there was no more timidity about his speech now, "I am willing to get a number of things for the room, and to make you and Mrs. Hobsen a present of them, on the distinct condition that Miss Bethune is kept in absolute ignorance how they came there. One word to her—and out they come again, every rag and stick. Why, you can easily invent excuses. You can tell them you took the opportunity of their absence to brighten up the place a bit. It is in your own interest to keep the rooms smart: it doesn't imply any favor conferred on your lodgers. Don't you see?

"Tee, sir. Very kind of you, sir, indeed, "said Hobsen, who seemed a little confused. "And what did you want me to do?"

"Do? I want rou to do nothing; and I want you to say nothing. Don't you understand? I am going to send in a few things to smarten up that room; and they are yours so long as not any one of you hints to Miss Bethune where they came from. Isn't that simple enough?"

But far less simple was his own part in the

am going to send in a few things to smarten up that room; and ther are rours so long as not any one of you hints to Miss Bethune where they came from. Isn't that simple enough?"

But far less simple was his own part in the transaction, as he was speedily to discover. For when he went outside again and made away toward Regent street, thicking he would go to a famous aboy there and buy all sorts of pretty things, it gradually dawned on him that he had undertaken a task entirely beyond his knowledge. For example, he could purchase any quantity of erimson satin; but how or where was he going to get it made up into a coverlet, counterpane, or quilt, or whatever the thing was called? Then supposing he had the mirror and the lace, who was going to put the lace round the top of the mirror?—he could not do that for himself. A little set of ornamental bookshelves he could buy, certainly; but how was he going to ask for the bows of ribbon, or the silk drapery, or whatever it was that ought to adorn the brass rods at the head of the bed? The more he considered the matter the more clearly he saw that he must consult a woman, and the only woman he could consult in confidence was his aunt. Mrs. Ellison, who had now returned to Brighton. And perhaps he strove to conceal from himself what it was that so easily and naturally drew his thoughts to Brighton. Perhaps he was hardly himself aware how this secret burger of the soul was minute by minute and hour by hour increasing in its demands. Maisrle had not been so long away; but already he felt that one brief jance at her. no matter at what distance, would be a priesless thing. And then again it would not seek to go near her, if these was this understanding that these two were for the present separated the one from the other. She would not seek to go near her, if these was this understanding that these two were for the present separated the one from the other. He would not seek to the nearest Poet Office and telegraped to Mrs. Ellison, asking if she could take him in for a day or

always make room for you, no matter who is in the house."

"If I had gone to a hotel, aunt, you would have made an awful row, and I don't yant to quartel with you just at present; the fact is. I have come to you for advice and help," said he. "But first—my congratulations! I was hardly surprised when I got your letter, and I am sure no one can wish you more happiness than I do—" "Oh, be quiet." she said; and she took a seat at a little distance frop—ne fire, by the side of a small table, and pr' a fan between her eyes and the crimson-shyied lamp. "Congratulations? Well, I suppose there are no fools like old fools. But if grown-up reople will play at being childred, and amuse themselves by writing things in the sand—did I tell you how it all happened.—they must take the consequences. And I, who used to be so content! Haven't of en told you? Perhaps I boasted too much.—"" by ye, pretend you regret it?" said he.

I of en told your Pernaps I boasies to muca.—"
"Oh, yes, pretend you regret it?" said he.
"And you talk of your being so old—you!—
why, what girl of all your acquaintance has half your life and spirit, or half your good looks either—"
"Vincent Harris," said she, and she turned round and faced him. "what do you want?"
He laughed.
"It is a very simple matter, aunt."
And then he began to tell her of the little.

And then he began to tell her of the little preul-ament in which he was placed, and to beseech her help. Would she come and choose the things for him? There were plenty of bric-a-brac shops in Brighton; she would know what was most appropriate; her own house was evidence of her taste. But his ingenous flattery was of no avail. Mrs. Eliison's face grew more and more serious, until at length she exclaimed:

grew more and more serious, until at length she exclaimed:

"Why. Vin. this is the very madness of infatuation! And I had been hoping for far other things. I had finakined from the tone of your last letter that jet haps there might be a change—that your eyes had been opened at last. So this is going on just the same as ever?"

"It is going on, as you call it, aunt, and is likely to go on—so long as I live."

"Then I, for one, wish to have nothing to do with it, she said, sharply, "And this last proposal is really too audarious. What business have you with that girl's room?—what right have you to go into it."

He was rather taken aback—for a moment.

"Business?—oh, pone, of course, None

Business?—oh. none. of course. None whatever-that is to say—oh. yes. I have though!—I have a perfect right to go into it. The room is not hers. It is mine. I have paid for it. When she comes back it will be hers:

round; and his delighted and grateful audience was not slow to prease on his mother eight, which was not refused.

eight, which was not refused.

eight, which was not refused.

Well, sir, the old gentleman, sir, he says.

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You, and the same that the rooms are to be lot.

And here another sudden fanor struck the possibility of the same that the rooms are to be lot.

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burgh again made his appearance; and the three of them went out for a stroit along the promonate. All the world was shining fair and clear; Mrs. Ellison was looging her best, and seemed to know it; her flance was in a gay humor. Way, they were almost like the lover and his lance of whom Thomas Morley sang nigh three hundred years ago—those "pretty country folks" who tived in a perpetual springtime, with birds singing hey-ding a-ding-a-diag to them through all the jouend hours. The tail and elegant young widow blushed and laughed like a maid; her oyes were sarcastic, playful, amused a cording to her varying mood; the sunlight tenched her pretty brown hair. There was indeed, a sort of audacity of comeitoses about her that set Vincent thinking of a very different kind of beauty—the beauty that escens to be dowered with a divine and angelic sadness. He was waking with these two, but he did not take part in their irolic falk, nor did he pay much attention to the crowd of people, the butterfless of fashion, who had come out into the pleasant sunshine. He seemed to see before him a face that, with all its youth, and its touch of color, and its grace of outline, was strangely pendice that, with all its youth, and its touch of color, and wistful. And again he asked himself, as many a time he had asked himself, what that expression meant; whether it had been brought there by experience of the hany, i-

and tis grace of outline, was strangely ponsive and wistful. And again he asked himself, as many a time be had asked himself, as many a time be had asked himself, what that expression meant: whether it had been brought there by experience of the nany delessitudes of life, or by loneliness, or whether it was not something more traric still—the shadow of an impending tate. There was more than that he could not understand; her curious resignation her houslessness as to the future, her wish to get away. And what was it she had concealed from him? And why had she declared she could not ever be his wits?

"Natural lawsia a milliper's shop!" she said. The morning went by and vincent had caught no glimpse of Maisrie Bethune or her grandfather; but indeed he had not expected that; the old man would be busy with his books, and it was not likely that Maisrie would come wandering by herself through this fashionable throng. When at last the three friends got back to Brunswick Terrace it was close on luncheon time; though here Mrs. Ellison was much surprised to learn that Lord Musseiburgh had engaged Vincent to lunch with him at the Bedford Hotel.

"What a the matter?" said she. "Business or billiards?"

"Netther," her flaned made answer. "I only wanted to give you a little holiday for an hour ortwo."

"Not longer, then," she said. "For I am going out driving at S, and expect you both."

Boon the two roung men were seated at a little window table in the spactous and cheering ont driving at S, and expect you both."

Soon the two roung men were seated at a little window table in the spactous and cheering one of those two friends had need of a confliant it was that afterioon, for something had happened that seemed to strike at the very roce of his being. When it was about time for them to go along to keep their appointment with Mrs. Fillion, Vincent was stoom, and he was lilly and absentiy; there was recome there to interest him; very different, a would be the was saying to himself; tows, 5 for 7 o clock, when perhaps himself a

oern with all those people who went driving and wolking past in the dull sunshine of this wire's atternoon. It was a pretty show, and that was all.

But of a sudden his heart stood still; and his startled vision beheld what seemed incredible, and yet was there, and actual, and beyond any doubt. Ere he was aware, a vehicle had driven hy-a tall dog cart, with two figures in front and one behind; but another glauce revealed to him that the one behind was old George Bethune. Who could mistake at any distance the powerful and striking head, the shaggy eyebrows, the flowing white hair? And the two in front?—one was a young man, to Vincent unknown. The other—a terrible missiving toid him that was Maisrie, though they were now some way off. What did it all mean? He had never heard of their knowing any one in Brighton. They had come down for seclusion, for work, yet here they were in the midst of the fashionable crowd; and a young man—a stranger—was making esteutations displayed his acquaintance with them. A thousand wild surmises, the offspring of a very madness of jealousy, sprang into his brain. Way had the old man so clearly intimated to him that he was not wanted—that they wished to go to Brighton by themselves? And who was this person who was making surh open paradic of his intimacy with them? Alas: there was no answer to these burning and bewidering questions; and he strod there breathless alarmed, yet not during to ask the cause of his alarm.

Lord Museelburgh came along the hall.

"So, ry to have kept you walting. Vin—"
"Oh, don't mini that," the young man said, striving to ceneral his acquaint, in the said afternoon. Will you make my excuses to my "What's the matter?" said Musselburgh, regarding him. "You look as if you had seen a y afternoon. It was a pretty show, and

-I-I don't think I will go driving this atternoon. Will you make my excuses to my aunt.—"
"What's the matter?" said Musselburgh, regarding him, "You look as if you had seen a ghost or a creditor. What is it, man?"
"Never mised-never mind-it is nothing."
Vin said, hastiy, "I will see you later on. Will you make my excuses? Thanks!"

The hall porter swung the door open; and before his astonished companion could remonstrate he had passed out and down the stone steps. He crossed over to lose himself in the throng on the opp-set promenade. The dog cart would be coming by again; he would see who this new riend was. Could he not hide somewhere? He felt like a spy, like a traitor, with all those dire imaginings surging through his brain. And sudden wrath too, he would demand to know by what right any stringer was allowed to make Maisrie Bethune so conspicuous. Why, it was too publicities was a boast; and hardly decent, either; ought not respect for age and white hair to have placed the old man in front instead of inviting all the world to winess the fla tering of a young girl? And as for Maisrie-well, even in his wildest and blackers surmises he could him account harm of Maisrie-well, even in his wildest and blackers surmises he could have a contract harm of Maisrie-well, even in his wildest and blackers surmises he could have a contract harm of Maisrie-well, but she was

to have placed the old man in front instead of inviting all the world to witness the flat tering of a young zirl? And as for Maisrie-well even in his wildest and thackest surmises he could think no serious harm of Maisrie: but she was too yielding, she was too generous with her favors, she ought to make distinctions, she ought not to permit this great, life crowd to draw false conclusions. It was ill done of herbehind his back. Had she so soon forgetten that he had bedged his life to her not so very many hours ago?

They did not return. Shortly after 4 the dusk began to fall; by half past 5 black night had enveloped sky and san, and the town was all ablaze with golden stars. There were hardly any carrisaces now; the people had betaken themselves to the other side of the road to look in at the glaring shop windows on their way home. Yincent found himself more alone than ever; and knew not what to do or whele way to turn. In his present frame of mind he dared not go near the house in Brunswik Terrace; he could not submit to cross-examining eyes. It would drive him mad to talk, while those ranking enjectures were busy at his heart. He wanted to see Malsrie again; and yet dreaded to see her, lest he should find her once more in the society of that man.

But about half past six his almiess perambulations of the street became circumscribed. He drew nearer to the neighborhood of the restaurants. If old George Bathune and brough his London habits down with him, as many recople did, would not he soon make his appearance along with his granddaughter? Here in East street, for example, were calce, both French and Italian, where they could have a loveling dinner if they chose. Would he confess he had seen them driving—in the hore they might volunteer information for which he was to a ddress them: Would he confess he had seen them driving—in the hore they might would not here to a ddress them: Would he confess he had seen them driving—in the hore when engaged watching.

Seven by he big clock over the stationer's slice, and t

two letters,
"I thought you ought to see both of these,"
said she. "One is from my brother-in-law." I
got it just a minute or two after you left. The
other is my answer; I will have it posted as
soon as you have read it."
He took the first letter, which was from
Vincent's father, and read it carefully through,
without a word of comment. Then he took the
other, which ran as follows:

Draw thankand it is very terrible but I half enspected
as much, and terrible sail is there is nothing to be done
but to tell via the whole trath, and at once. These spin
for kine t-mistraw morning in business of importance,
if he wants or contribution of 1 fancy fraint one or
is a training that these mergins are here is drighten. Last
such consequences are seen that of 1 fancy fraint one or
is a training that these mergins are here is drighten. Last
home actions a contribute of 1 fancy fraint one or
is a training that these mergins are here is drighten. Last
home actions. For hoy is will a send action is him
home actions a worse in the cod for this cruent. I he means up
nose time worse in the cod for this cruent. I he means
how he shakes it Tours affectionately

No. Vincent did not come in to dinner that

No. Vincout did not come in to dinner that ovening. He was still walking up and down the king's food ginteling now and agent, but with a sort of independence as at any title group of records that might appear at the hall door of this or that hote; and all the while there was a fire eating at his hoart.

(To be continued.)

### By H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang.

BOOK II-CHAPTER VL (Continued.) Then he thought no more on dreams, or songs, or omens, but only on the deadly foe that stood before him wrapped in darkness, and on Helen, in whose arms he yet should lie, for so the goddess had sworn to him in sea-girt Ithaca. He spoke no word, he named no god, but sprang forward as a lion springs from his bed of reeds; and, lo! his buckler clashed against shields that barred the way, and invisible arms seized him to hurl him back. But no weakling was the Wanderer, thus to be pushed aside by Magic, but the c'ourest man left alive in the whole world now that Aias, Telamon's son, was dead. The priests won-dered as they saw how he gave back never a step, for all the might of the warders of the gates, but lifted his short sword and hewed down so terribly that fire leapt from the air when the short sword fell, the good short sword of Euryalus the Phoacian. Then came the clashing of the swords, and from all the golden armor that once the godlike Paris wore, ay, from buckler, helm, and grieves, and breastfrom the anvil of the smith when he smites great blows on swords made white with fire. Swift as hall fell the blows of the unseen blades upon the golden armor, but he who wore it took no harm, nor was it so much as marked with the dint of the swords. So while the priests wondered at this miracle the view-less warders of the gate smote at the Wanderer, and the Wanderer smote at them again. Then of a sudden he knew this, that they who barred the path were gone, for no more blows fell, and his sword only out the air.

Then he rushed on and passed behind the veil and stood within the shrine. But as the curtains awang behind him the singing rose twain upon the air, and he might not more, but stood fixed with his eyes gazing whore, far up, a loom was set within the shrine. For the sound of the singing came from behind the great web gleaming in the loom, the sound of the song of Heien as she heard the swords clash and the ringing of the harness of those whose knees were loosened in death. It was thus she sang: Clamor of tron on iron, and shricking of steel more

steel, Hark, how they echo again! Love with the dead is at war, and the mortals are shaken and reel. The living are slain by the slain!

Clamor of iron on iron: like music that charms with a song.

Be with my life deth it chime, And my feotateps must fall in the dance of Erinys, a revel of wrong.
Till the day of the passing of Time!

Ghosts of the dead that have loved me, your love bath been vanquished of death,
But unvanquished by death is wour hate; Say, is there none that may woo me and win me of all

that draw breath.

Not one but is envised of Fate f Now the song died, and the Wanderer looked up, and before him stood three shadows of mighty men clad in armor. He gazed upon them, and he knew the blazons painted on their shields; he knew them for heroes long

They looked upon him, and then cried with one voice: "Hall to thee, Odysseus of Ithaca, son of Lagries!"

dead-Pirithous, Theseus, and Aias.

"Hall to thee." cried the Wanderer, "Theseus, Aegens's son! Once before did'at thou go down into the Home of Hades, and alive thou cames; forth again. Hast thou crossed yet again the stream of Ocean, and dost thou live in the sunlight? For of old I sought thee and found thee not in the House of Hades?" The semblance of Theseus answered: "In

the House of Hades I abide this day, and in the fields of Asphodel. But that thou seest is a shadow, sent forth by the Queen Persephone to be the guard of the beauty of Helen."
"Hail to thee. Pirithous, Ixion's son." cried the Wanderer again. " Hast thou yet won the

dread Persephone to be thy love? And why doth Hades give his rival holiday to wander in the sunlight, for of old I sought thee, and found thee not in the House of Hades?" Then the semblance of Pirithous answered:
"In the House of Hades I dwell this day, and

this thou seest is but a shadow that goes with the shadow of the hero Theseus. For where he is, am I, and where he goes I go, and our very shadows are not sundered; but we guard the beauty of Helen." thee Ains Telan

the Wanderer. "Hast thou not forgotten thy wrath against me, for the sake of those ac-cursed arms that I wore from thee, the arms

wrath against me, for the sake of those accursed arms that I wors from thee, the arms of Achilles, son of Peieus? For of old in the House of Hades I spoke to thee, but thou would'st not answer one word, so heavy was thine anser."

Then the semblance of Alas made answer: With iron upon fron, and the stroke of bronze on bronze would I sinswer thee. If I were yet a living man and looked upon the sunlight. But I smite with a shadowy spear and slay none but men foredoomed, and I am the shade of Alas who dwells in Hades. Yet the Queen Persephone sent me forth to be the guard of the beauty of Heien."

Then the Wanderer spake.

"Tell me, ye shadows of the sons of beroes, is the way barred, and do the gods forbid it, or may I that am yet a living man, pass forward and zaze on that ye guard, on the beauty of Helen?"

Then each of the three podded with his head, and smote once upon his shield, saying:

"Pass by, but look not back upon us till thou hast seen thy desire."

Then the Wanderer went by, into the innermost chamber of the shadows had spoken thus, they grew dim and vanished, and the Wanderer, as they had commanded, drew slowly on up the allabaster shrine, till at length he stood on the hither side of the web upon the should break in upon the Hathor.

As he stood wendering thus his buckler shipped from his loosened hand and clashed upon the marble floor, and as it clashed the voice of the Hathor took up the broken song; and thus she sang ever more sweetly. Ghosta of the death at have loved me, your leve hath been vanguished by Breath.

But they may plast the rate is your late:

Say, is there note that may woo me and win me of all that draw broath.

Not one but is envised of Pate!

Not one but is envised of sates and say the same and and say the same and all the same and th

The was clothed in soft folds of white: on her breast steamed the star stone, the red stone of the sea deeps that melts in the sunstine, but that melted not on the breast of fisien. Moment by moment the red drops from the ruby heart of the star fell on her snowy rainent, fell and vanished—and left no stain.

ment by moment the red drops from the ruby heart of the star fell on her snowy raiment, fell and vanished—said left no state.

The Wanderer looked on her face, but the beauty and the terror of it, as she raised it, were more than he could bear, and he stood like those who saw the terror and the beauty of that face which changes men to stone.

For the lovely eyes of helen stared wide, her lips, ret cultering with the last notes of sens, were open wide in fear. She seemed like one who walks alone, and suddenly, in the noonday light, meets the hated dead; encountering the ghost of an enemy come back to earth with the instant summons of doom.

For a moment the sight of her terror made even the Wanderer afraid. What was the horror she beheld in this haunted sarine, where was none save themselves alone? What was with them in the shrine?

Then he saw that her eyes were fixed on his golden armor, which Paris, once had worn, on the golden shield with the blanco of the White Bull, on the golden helm, whose visor was down so that it quite hid his eyes and his face—and then, at last, her voice broke from her:

"Paris! Paris! Paris! Has Death lost hold of thee? Hast theu come to drag me back to thee and to shame? Paris, dead Paris! Who gave thee courage to pass the shadows of men whom on earth thou hads not dared to face in war?"

Then she wrung her hands, and laughed aloud with the empty laugh of fear.

A thought came into that crafty mind of the Wanderar's, and he answered her, not in his own voice, but in the smooth, soft, mocking voice of the traitor Paris, whom he had heard forswear himself in the oath before lifes.

"So, Lady, thou hast not yet forgiven Paris? Thou weavest the ancient web thou singest the ancient songs—art thou still unkind as of old?"

"Why art thou come back to taunt me?" she said, and now she apoke as if an old familiar and the said.

the ancient songs—art thou set that the set of it?"

"Why art thou come back to taunt me?" she said, and now she spoke as if an old familiar tear and horror were laying hold of her and mastering her again, after long freedom. "Was it not enough to betray me in the semblance of my wedded lord? Why dost thou mock?" was it not enough to betray me in the semibiance of my wedded lord? Why dost thou
mock?"

"In love all arts are fair." be answered in
the voice of Paris. "Many have loved thee.
Lady, sout they are all dead for thy sake, and
no love but mine has been more strong than
death. There is none to biame us now, and
none to hinder. Troy is down, the heroes are
white dust; only love lives yet. Wilt thou not
learn. Lady, how a shadow can love.
But had listened with her head bowed, but
now she leaped up with biazing eyes and face
of fire.

"Begone!" she said; "the heroes are dead
for my sake, and to my shame, but the shame

now she leaped up with biazing eyes and face of fire.

"Begone!" she said: "the herces are dead for my sake, and to my shame, but the shame is living yet. Begone! Never in life or death shail my lips touch the false lips that lied away my honor, and the false lips that lied away my honor, and the false face that wore the lavor of my lord."

For it was by shape-shifting and magic art, as poets tell, that Paris first beguiled Fair Heler.

Then the Wanderer spoke again with the sweet, smooth voice of Parls, son of Priam.

"As I passed up the shrine where thy glory dwells, Helen. I heard thee sing. And thou didst sing of the waking of thy heart, of the arising of Love within thy soul, and of the coming of one for whom thou dost wait, whom thou didst love long since and shalt love for evermore. And as thou sangest I came. I, Parls, who was thy love, and who am thy love, and who alone of ghosts and men shall be thy love again. Will thou still bid me go?

"I sang, she answered, "yes, as the Gods put it in my heart so I sang-for indeed it seemed to me that one came who was my love of old, and whom alone in must love, alone for ever. But thou wast not in my heart, thou false Parls! Nay, I will tell thee, and with the name will scare thee back to Hell. He was in my heart whom once as a maid I saw driving in his charlot through the ford of Eurousa while I bow water from the well. He was in my heart whom once as will raw driving in his charlot through the ford of Eurousa while I bow deathlessness is done—Gdyseus, son of Lacries. Gdysseus of Ithaca, he was named among men, and Odysseus was in my heart as I sang, and in my heart he shall love till my deathlessness is done—Gdyseus, son of Lacries. Gdysseus of Ithaca, he was named among men, and they wand he repeat her speak.

Now when the Wanderer heard her speak, and heard his own name upon her lips, and

will."

Now when the Wanderer heard her speak, and heard his own name. and heard his own name upon her lips, and knew that the Golden Helen loved him alone, it seemed to him as though his heart would burst his harness. No word could be find in his heart to speak, but he raised the visor of his half.

t seemed to him as though his heart would burst his harness. No word could be find in his heart to speak, but he raised the visor of his helm to speak, but he raised the visor of his helm to speak, but he raised the visor of his helm to speak, but he raised the visor of his helm to speak with her hands, and, speaking them, said:

"Oh Paris! ever wast then false; but, ghost or man, of all thy shames, this is the shame-rules. Thou hast taken the likeness of a hero dead, and thou hast heard me speak such words of him as tielen never spoke before. Find the shame as once before thou didst trick his into shame as once before the his into shame as once before here. The host of the Apura."

"The relamed thou speake him he host of the Apura."

So he entered and at her command sented himself teofore her in the very seat where the limself teofore her in the very seat where the limself teofore her in the very seat where the limself teofore her his trick, and the result of the history his mand the host of the Apura."

So he entered and at her command sented himself teofore her in the very seat where th

me in a dream and bade me wander cut upon the seast till at length I found thee. Helen, and saw the Red Star blaze upon thy breast. And I have wandered, and I have dared, and I liave heard thy song, and rent the web of Fate, and I have seen the Star, and lot at last, at last! I lind thee, Weil I saw thou knewest the arms of Paris, who was thy husband, and to try thee I spoke with the voice of Paris, as of oid thou didst feign the voice of our wive-when we lay in the wooden horse within the walls of Troy. Thus I drew the sweetness of thy love from thy secret breast, as the sun draws out the sweetness of the flowers. But now I declare myself to be Odysseus, clad in the mail of Paris—Odysseus come on this last journey to be thy love and lord." And he ceased.

She trembled and looked at him doubtfully, and at last she spoke:

"Well do I remember," she said, "that when I washed the limbs of Odysseus, in the halls of illos, I marked a great white scar beneath his knee. It, indeed, thou art Odysseus, and not a phantom from the gods, show me that great scar."

Then the Wanierer smilled, and, resting his

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The second process of the second phonons are second to the second phonons and the second phonons are second to the second phonons and the second phonons are second process. The second phonons are second phonons are second phonons and the second phonons are second phonons and the second phonons are second phonons and the second phonons are second ph

and her words to him it seemed wisest not to speak.

"It will be well to live, Lady, if life by life I find thee for a love."

"I life by life thou shalt find me. Odynseus, in this shape or in that shalt thou find me-for beauty has many forms, and love has many names—but thou shalt ever find me but to love me arain. I tell thee that as but now then wennest thy way through the ranks of those who waten me, the cloud lifted from my mind, and I remembered, and I foresaw, and i k.e. w why I, the loved of many, might never love in torn. I knew then, Udynseus, that I am 'sut the insrument of the Gols, who use me for the rends. And i knew that I loved thee, and thee only, but with a love that began before the birth-bed, and shall not be consumed by the funeral flame."

the birth-bed, and shall not be consumed by
the funeral flame."

So be it, Lady." said the Wanderer. "for
this I know, that never have I loved somman or
proddess as I live thee, who art henceforth as
the heart in my breast, that without which I
may not live.

"Now speak on," she said. "for such words
as these are tike music in novers."

"Ay I will speak on Short sinil be our love,
thou sayest, Lady, and my own heart tells me
that I is born to be brief of days. I know that
how I go on my last versaying, and that death
comes up it me from the water, the swillest
death that may be. This then I would direct
ask: When shall we twain be one! For if the
hours of life be short, let us love while we
may."

Now Helen's golden hair fell before her eyes
like the bridge a veil, and she was silent for a

may."

Now Helen's golden hair fell before her eyes like the brides a veil and she was silent for a time. Then she spoke:

"Not now and not while I dwell in this hely place, may we be well. Olyssous, for so should we call down upon us the hale of Gods and men. Tell me, then where thou dwellest in the city, and I will come to then. Nay it is not meet. Hearken, Odyssaus. To morrow, one hour before the midnight see that thou dost stand without the pylon gates of this my temple; then I will pass out to thee as well I may, and thou shalt kn wine by the jewel, the Stars-tone on my iteast that shines through the darkness, and by that alone, and lend me whither thou wilt. For then thou shalt he my lord, and I will be thy wife. And thereafter as the Gods show us, so will we go. For know it is in my mind to fly this land of Khem, where month by month the citods have made the confidence in the second of the confidence of the co

THE LOOSING OF THE SPIRIT OF REL

Rel the Priest had fied with what speed he might from the Gates of Death, those gates that guarted the loveliness of Heilm and opened only upon men doomed to die. The old man was heavy at heart for he loved the Wanderer, Among the dark children of Khem he had seen none like this Achman, noneso goodly, so strong, and so well versed in all aris of war. He temembered how this man had saved the life of her he loved above all women—of Merinmun, the moon-child, the fairest queen who had sat upon the throne of Egypt, the fairest and the most learned, save Tain only. He besteed upon the beard while the long shafts hailed down the hall. Then he recalled the vision of Meriamun, which she had told him long years ago, and the shadowin a golien helm which watched the changed Hainska. The more he thought, the more he was perplexed and lost in wonder. What did the Gods intend? Of one thing he was sure, the leaders of the host of dremms had mocked Meriamun. The man of her vision would never be her love; he had gone to meet his doom at the door of the Chapel Ferilous.

So Rol hasted on stumbling in his speed, till he came to the Palace and passed through its halls towards his chamber. At the entrance of the rown place he met Meriamun the Queen. There she stood in the deorway like a Dicture in its samptured frame, nor could any sight be more beautiful than she was, claim her royal roles, and erowned with the golden snakes, the black hair lay soft and deep on her, and her eyes looked strangely forth from beneath the twory of her brow. Rel the Priest had fiel with what speed he

roles, and crowned with the golden snakes. Her black hair lay soft and deep on her, and her eyes looked strangely forth from beneath the lyory of her brow.

He bowed low before her and would have passed on, but she stayed him.

"Whither goest thou, Rei," she asked, "and why is thy face so sad?"

"I go about my business. Queen," he answered. "and I am sad because no tidings come of Pharson, nor of how it has fared with him and the host of the Apura."

"Perchance thou speakest truth, and yet not all the truth," she answered. "Enter, I would have speech with thee."

So he entered, and at her command seated himself before her in the very seat where the Wanderer had sat. Now, as he sat thus, of a sud len Meriamun, the Queen, slid to herkness before him and tears stood in her eyes and her breast was shaken with sobs. And while he wondered, thinking that she wept at last for her son who was dead among the first born, she hid her face in her hands upon his knees, and trembled.

"What alls the Queen, my fosterling?" he said. But she only took his hand, and lad her own in it, and the old prest's eyes were dim with tears. So she sat for a while, and then she looked up but still she did not lind words. And he caressed the beautiful head, that no man had seen bowed before.

"What is it, my daughter?" he said, and she

shall be no more a Queen. but a living darkness, where sapers creen, and wandering lights shine fainty on the rule of my mind. A indest thou that hour;—it was the night after the hateful night that saw me Pharaon's wife, when I crept to thee and told thee the vision that had come upon my soul, come to mock me even at Pharaon's slife."

"I mind it well, "said light "It was a strange vision, nor might my wisd'm interpret it."

"And mindest thou what I told thee of the man of my vision—the scertous man whom I must love, he who was clast in golden armor and wore a golden helm wherein a snear point

man of my vision—the giorious man whom I must love, he who was clad in golden armor and wore a golden helm wherein a spear point of bronze stood fast?"

"les, I mind it" said Rel.

"And how is that man named?" she asked, whispering, and staring on him with wide eyes. "Is he not named Eperitus, the Wander? And hath he not come hither, the spear point in his helm? And is not the hand of l'ate upon me. Sicriamum? Hearten, Rel, hearken, Itole blim as it was fated I should love. When first Hooked on him as he came up the Hall of Audience in his giory. I knew him. I knew him for that man who startes the curse laid aforetime on him, and on the woman, and on me, when, in an unknown place, twain became three and work each other's woe upon the earth. I knew him, Rel, though he knew me not, and I say that my sul shook at the echo of his step, and my heart blossomed as the black earth blossoms when after flood Sihor seeks his banks again. A glory came upon me, fiel, and I looked back through all the mists of time and knew him for my love, and I looked orward into the depths of time to be, and knew him for my love, and I looked on the present hour and mought could I see but darkness, and nought could I see but darkness, and nought could I hear but the grouns of dying men and a shr. If sound as of a woman singing."
"An ill tile, Queen," said Rel.

seen Swords must lie in the baths of bronm and seek the Under Word.

The face of Meriamun srew white at this word, as the alabaser of the walls, and she cried aloud with a great cry. Then she sank upon the couch pressing her hand to her brow and monthist:

"How may I save bim? How may I save him from that accursed which? Alas it is too late—but at least I will know his end, ay, and hear of the beauty of her who stays him. He!," she whire rend not in the steech of Khem, but in the sload tongue of a dead people, "be not wroth with me. Oh, have pits on my weakness. Thou knowes; of the futting-forth of the Boirt list not see."

I am instructed, he answered, in the same spee h. "twas I who taught thee this art. L and that Ancent beli which is thine."

True—it was thou swearest, and many a deed of dread have we dared together. Lend me thy Spirit, led that I may send it forth to the temple of the Fuse Hather, and a fearful," he

pie of the Furse Hather, and tearn what recess
in the tearle, and of the death of him—whom
I must be e.

"An it deed, Meriamun, and a fearful." he
answered, "for there shall my Spirit meet,
them who watch the gates, and who knows
what may chan e when the boddless one that
yet hath cartilly lits meets the boddless ones
that it e no more on earth?

"Ist wit thou dare it. liet for love of me. as
being instructed thou alone canst do." she
piended.

"Never have I refused these aught. Meriamun not will I say thee nay. This only I ask
of these That if my Spirit comes back no more,
thou will bury me in that tomb which I have
made ready by Thaless, and if it may be by thy
strength of magic wring me from the rower of
the strange Wardens. I am prepared—thou
knowes the spell—say it."

He sank sack in the carven couch and looked
upward. Then Meriamun draw near to him,
gared into his eyes and wingspered in his ear in
this fead tongue she knew. And as she whispered the face of tiel grow like the lace of one
dead. She dew bock and spoke aloud:

"Art thou loosed, Spirit of Ref."

To the court of the temple of Hathor, that

To the court of the temple of Hathor, that

To the court of the temple of Hathor, that is before the shrine.

"It is done, Merianum."

"It is done, Merianum."

"What seest thou?"

"I see a man clad in golden armor. He stants with bucklor raised before the doownay of the shrine and before him are the ghosts of heroes dead, though he may not see them with the cyss of the flesh, From within the shrine these comes a sound of singing, and he listens to the singing.

"What does be hear?"

Then the lowed Spirit of Rei the Priest told Merianum the Queen all the words of the song that Heien sang. And when she heard and knew that it was Argive Heien who sat in the halls of Hathor the beart of the Queen grew faint within her, and her knees trembled. Yet more did she tremble when she learned those words that rang like the words she herseli had heard in her vision long ago-telling of blies that had been of the hate of the Gods, and of the unending Queet.

Now the song ended and the Wanderer went up against the ghosts, and the Spirit of Rei, epeaking with the lips of Rei, told all that befell, while Merianum hearkened with opened ears—av, and oried aloud with joy when the Wanderer forced his path through the invisible swords.

ears—av, and oried aloud with joy when the Wanderer forced his path through the invisible awords.

Then once more the sweet voice sang and the loosed Spirit of Rei told the words she sang, and to Meriamun they seemed fateful. Then he told her all the talk that passed between the Wanderer and the ghoats.

Now the ghoats being gone she bade the Spirit of liej follow the Wanderer up the sancturry, and from the loosed Spirit heard how he rent the web, and of all the words of Helen and of the eraft of him who feigned to be Paris. Then the web was torn and the eyes of the Spirit of Rei looked on the beauty of her who was behind it.

"Tell me of the face of the False Hathor?" said the Queen.

And the Spirit of Rei answered: "Her face is that beauty which gathered like a mask upon the face of dead Hataska, and upon the face of the Bai, and the sporit of her thou hadst sain."

Now Meriamun groaned alond, for she knew that down was not a least of the she way

spakest with the spirit of her thou makes slain."

Now Meriamun groaned aloud, for she knew that doom was on her. Last of all, she heard the telling of the loves of Odysseus and of Helen, her undying foe, of their kiss, of their betrothal, and of that marriage which should be on the morrow night. Meriamun the Queen said never a word, but when all was done and the Wanderer had left the shrine again, she whispered in the ear of Rei the Friest, and drew back his Spirit to him so that heawoke as a man awakes from sleep.

a man awakes from sleep.

He awoke and saw the Queen sitting over against him with a face white as the face of the dead, and about her deep eyes were lines of black.

of black.

"Hast thou heard, Meriamun "he saked.

"I have heard." she answered.

"What dreadful thing hast thou heard "he asked sagin, for he knew naught of that which his Spirit had seen. asked again, for he knew naught of that which his Spirit had seen.

"I have heard things that may not be told." she said. "but this I will tell thee. He of whom we spoke hath passed the ghosts, he hathemet with the False Hather—that accursed woman, and he returns here all unharmed. Now go, Reil"

(To be Continued)

(To be Continued.)

LUCKIER THAN THE PRESIDEST.

The American Hotel Clerk and his Alleged The retirement of Col. Carr as the presiding genius at the clerk's desk at the Fifth Avenue Hotel has revived an interest in the hotel clerk of the present generation. Many who know the inside lines of a hotel clerk's life have been smazed at Col. Carr's dauntless determination. These people believe that it is better to be a hotel clerk than to be President, The nobby clothes and fine jewelry and general air of rose-colored prosperity and the privilege of assigning statesmen to back rooms in the attic

are not without their attractions. "Who ever heard of a hotel clerk in any of the big hostelries paying for anything?" This was the remark of one who is in the confidence of the bedizened creatures. "Many and many a man in this country," he continued, "would snap at Col. Carr's place. Many and many a man would snap at the place held by any clerk in one of New York's swell hotels. They do not receive big salaries, it is true, but if they do not they are in a position to save every cent of them. In the first place, the hotel cent of them. In the first place, the hotel clerk gets his food gratis, and his lodging in the majority of instances is also free. The very jewelry he wears, and which has been commented upon so much, is often the evidence of gratitude for favors extended. For instance, if a stranger appears in town and desires a joily good time there are willing hands to pay for this jewelry provided the stranger is directed to the right place. Then, if the stranger wants a suit of clothes, the hotel clerk knows exactly where he should go to get it. He believes that the stranger will outrage every precedent of fashion if he does not patronize the tailor the clerk recommends. Of course the new patron is always provided with the clerk's card to the tailor, and when later on the clerk feels in need of clothes it is very natural for the tailor to give him the best outfit in the shop because of the number of new patrons be has received by the diplomatic suggestions and recommendations of the clerk, and all for nothing, too. The shirt maker is alike reciprocal, and so is the hatter, the shoemaker, and the cane and umbrells seller. The hotel clerk also has many opportunities to stand as a critic on most of the stranger wants to go somewhere for the evening and asks the clerk about the different olerk gets his food gratis, and his lodging in

tunties to stand as a critic on most of the plays at the theatres in New York city. The stranger wants to go somewhere for the evening and asks the clerk about the different plays. He is then told that such and such a dramatic effort is par excellence, while such and such a dramatic effort is par excellence, while such an such a dramatic effort is gravitation for the theatrical managers to testify their gratification for the clerk's efforts in booming their shows, and any time the clerk wants a brace of tickets for himself and his best girl they are sent around to him without question. The same happy situation confronts the holel clerk when he wants to slip out of town. He has recommended certain railroads to the straugers and others, and the general manager does not lest tate to give him the passes he desires. To end up the sivasum of the hotel clerk it is only necessary to add that all clerks distributed in all parts of the country are the most fraternal centures alive. It is only necessary to the traveling clerk to mention that he semplined by a hole, no mater whether it is no hew Yirk or Conk so, and he can have stantials are thrown in an the same basis. Truly I would rather be a hotel clerk than H. Histon."

# Prime the willies him along described.

From the same Bounday, and the old traveller we as with east of use were lying at the whorf at Astoria. The river was Irogen; we were saint so that les to break. We were reasoning with your librates how we got to watching the rows. These poor thinns were dying of startation, and they could not resist the tentral tent to hove a bant the sain. They cannot make the food out of the water, but should not get the food out of the water, but should not belone of the and belond on both of the saint and in the wayes at the drifting bits of refers I be poor back whether so not discussion in the manner which gave them the spice is see of danning.

And about, with sergams and flarging of wings flow a flock of guils anatohing the food from the water and flatched birds and the saint ones. For a while the above first search as can be reasoned as a while the saint of the first interest and danced entrounding them is a like the saint of the and entrounding them is the saint of the a can depositing the saint of the a can depositing the saint of the a can depositing the with ment of their starting in aghters. And we are the saint of the a can depositing the with the saint of the analysis of those when the same help no each other in help core distinct.